MILLIONAIRE WHO FIGHTS THE TRUSTS ably opposed to the trust system ever

C. Wetmore of St. Louis to Devote Life and Fortune in Fighting the Great Industrial Evil.

city has become a unique and figure in American politics.

will carry into this work the engiant. Many, many years ago by boy began life as a tobacco r in one of the small cigar facwhich dotted the country before petty individual enterprises, worked hard at his menial ent, and in course of time be-Boon he had a subordinate the management of the business ler went on the road as a salesof the wares of the shop, which rows to the dignity of a factory. dint of hard work and shrewd

by dint of hard work and shrewd magement, young Wetmore secured a confidence of his employers, and as given an interest in the concern. The rolled by and the tiny shop had were into a great factory, with hundred of employes. Its products were a everywhere, and were noted for the congented part of the city became the congented part of the city became a mail. It was necessary to expand small. It was necessary to expand smit the business. So in an outlying t of St. Louis a vast new factory eovering many acres, with ele-to lift railroad trains and every y which ingenuity could devise— My which in

WORK OF A LIFETIME. was the factory of the Liggett

rs Tobacco company, and its nt, the man who controlled and ted those great industrial ener-was the tobacco stripper of long doses C. Wetmore.

half a dozen workers, including "firm," the business had advanced by step until the eye could not at tagle glance encompass the wilders of many storied buildings and entless lofty chimneys, interwoven the a network of railroad tracks, and employes numbering as many ands as they had in the beginnumbered units. This vast sys-n had been built by wisdom and fore-at, coupled with honest dealing. my men contributed their best efbut every rivet of the vast struchad felt the sent Wetmore.

One may easily understand the love of entered into every extension, had thended the laying of each brick in he children at his fireside. Its honor his honor, and he strove to keep

This feeling extended to all the emer of the great concern. The men treated well, and knew it. When menut up to president. The "old never allowed himself to forget f the "boss." He understood his and they kne whe understood, a meant more. When the new fac-was built it contained smoking reading rooms for the men, and lidays frequent.

BECAME A MILLIONAIRE.

rears that witnessed the build-the great factory brought other to "Mose" Wetmore. They him wealth. His share of protest into millions, which he juinvested in real estate. He sprinted citizens in St. Louis, and tree was always open to advance terests of the city. He was one principals in raising the money id the new Planters' Hotel, where He now ranks as one of the thiest men in St. Louis. Fortune smiled upon his endeavors.

mmond Tobbacco companies, both Et. Louis, it could not control either cutput or the market. Bo its agents to set to work to capture the two big stern outsiders.

efforts, however, met with obind unexpected opposition, Wetom the first declared he had no
by with the object or methods of
st, and declared his independlarrison I. Drummond, president
rummond company, also declarintention of staying out, and
to stand by Wetmore and fight
the company.

Louis, Mo .- (Special.)-By resign- the board of directors was held. It be the presidency of the largest tomanufactory in the world and
manufactory in the world and
manufactory in the world and
manufactory in the world and
out to the trust. In vain did Wetmore
argue, then storm, then plead with
tears in his eyes. His associates turned
a deaf ear to his entreaties. They offered him the presidency under the trust at a salary of \$25,000 a year. Hot with indignation, Wetmore refused office under the trust and announced his retirement from the concern he had de-voted his life to helping build. A new president and other officers were elect-ed, and Wetmore left the meeting, after

warning the directors of the conse-quences of their act. It was nearing the hour when labor in the vast factory ended for the day ly through the buildings. To some of the foremen he told the news of his the foremen he told the news of his severance from the company. It spread with the rapidity of the prairie fire. Half an hour later, when Wetmore emerged from the great arch of the factory, his former employes to the number of fourthousand filled the street and block d his way.

FAREWELL TO THE WORKMEN. On the steps he paused and permit ted his dimmed vision to wander over the sea of upturned faces. He saw there boys in shirts and appons, just as he had once dressed, their fingers stained brown from "stripping:" he saw gray haired men, who, with him, had witnessed and assisted the building of the factory, his trusted employes and friends. On many of those faces there were tears, and on all concern and regret. The crowd saw a man past the prime of life, plainly dressed, his bared head tinged with gray, his face tear stained and deep sown with lines of strong emotion. Many of them had strong emotion. gone to the "old man" in their hour of trouble ;often he had stood beside coffins in their frugal homes and lightened the load of woe with comforting words.

When Wetmore began to talk his choked voice broke one of those tense silences which speak the bottled emotions of men.

He spoke briefly of the small begin-

ning of the company and its success. Then he told of his twelve years' fight gainst the trust and his final defeat. He assured the men of his esteem, urg-ed them to remain loyal to their new employers and bade them farewell. A and then his old employes crowded around and shook Colonel Wetmore's with honest dealing.

around and shook Colonel Wetmore's
hand until it was sore. So ended an
unusual and affecting scene, which
finally severed a rich man from a thing of his making.

One may easily understand the love fetnere bore for the thing he had crelid. It was, in a certain sense, the saument of his life work. His thought et and threw it on the ground.

"I will not chew trust made tobacco y stacks. The factory had a cease to use the leading brand his dreams and a corner among factured by this iniquitious combine, and I want you and your friends to follow my example."

little known in national politics, his influence has been far reaching. His influence has been far reaching. His hand has been felt rather than seen. For many years he has worked quietly in the ranks of the Missouri democracy and right. No use trying to fool the man." He had been there himself—ripper," "stuffer" full fledged "man," foreman, salesman and all along gamut up to president. The "old gamut up to president. The "old wertworker powers and the boundaries of his state.

WETMORE POWERFUL IN POLITICS when, a barefoot lad, he had d' tobacco and trembled in time into a sphere of national influ-Richard Parks Bland was the recognized apostle of the movement in favor of the white metal. As the time for the national convention approached a number of prominent Missourians put their heads together and decided that the state's opportunity had come to make itself felt. State Senator John Farris a warm personal friend of Bland, had already heralded the silver champion as the man to lead the new democracy to victory. The state peess had taken up the slogan, and it was evident that Bland needed but to be taken up by his own state to become

a formidable candidate for the presidential nomination.

At this juncture there was a hasty getting together of state politicians. "Bilver Dick" had never been popular with the men who controlled the state machine, because he held himself aloof aithough he never interfered. The politicians saw that the Bland movement had genuine vitality and decided not to obstruct it. But there was no money to engineer the Bland boom. In this emergency Wetmore came to the rescue, with the result that Bland went to Chicago with over 200 delegates piedged.

What happened at Chicago is history.

What happened at Chicago is history Bland refused to be dragged from his To frantic telegrams from his agers, asking acquiescence to this of that deal, he returned the invariable reply: "I desire only the good of the short of the necessary two-thirds, the Bland boom lost momentum, then be-san to wane. Confident they could not nominate "Eliver Dick" and never very enthusiastic in his favor, the men at the head of the Missouri delegation cast about for a satisfactory substitute.

BRYAN'S CLOSEST FRIEND.

The finger of destiny pointed to Wil-iam Jennings Bryan. But before the orces which were to swing the nomina-tion to Bryan were set in motion, the onsent of one man not a politician was onsidered necessary. When he con-

consent of one man not a politician was considered necessary. When he consented to abandon Bland for Bryan the thing was as good as settled.

A short time after the democratic convention occurred that famous conference in Wetmore's apartments, in the Planter's hotel, when the campaign was mapped out. Mr. Bryan, Senator Jones and Governor Stone of Missouri were present. Several times the democratic national committee would have ceased operations during that summer but for a timely check signed by Wetmore. After Bryan's defeat Wetmore took him, Jones and Stone to a shooting box in Arkansas, where ways and means for continuing the fight were agreed upon. This famous conference

some years ago. When it became evi-dent that the Liggett & Myers plant was going to pass under the control of the trust I was approached and offered a salary if I would remain at the head of the company in this city. I declined the offer because I am opposed to the trusts and to the system generally

"For several years combination and consolidation has been in the air. Many of the largest industrial concerns in the United States have been combined un-der one management, and the process is going on at an alarming pace consolidation of the tobacco interests is but a single instance of many.

"I consider that the trust system is more dangerous to the country than anything that ever confronted it. It is openly admitted by the men engaged in promoting these colossal combinations of wealth that the day of the individual manufacturer and dealer and producer is past. That a new order of things has developed, and that behind all this pooling there is a great economic force which no longer leaves it possible for an individual or a small company to succeed in business.

"I do not believe that such is the case, but if it is the demand for action to stop the growth of such octopi is all the more urgent. Something ought to be done to prevent its further develop-ment. It is gathering strength day

after day. "In reality, however, the whole thing is prompted by greed and cupidity, and not by economy. There never was a war fought that so gravely menaced the welfare of the people or the nation as the commercial combines called trusts, amassing into a few hands, as they do the transmission of the people or the nation as the commercial combines called trusts, amassing into a few hands, as they do, the tremendous power of all most unlimited wealth. Knowing as most unlimited wealth. Knowing as I do the awful power of these pools, I do not consder that the civil was was as dangerous to the institutions of the country as this system.

"Of vastly greater importance to the people than the financial issue is the question of trusts. It should be made the leading issue of the next presidential campaign, and everything possible should be done to stamp out the evil before it grows to proportions that will enable it to throttle the people. I think the people may be relied upon to settle it, and settle it right, as they have ultimately settled every important ques-tion that has been presented to them

"At the rate things are going now it is easy to see that after all of the in-dustrial concerns are consolidated into trusts governing and controlling everything in this or that line of trade, it does not require a great stretch of the imagination to conceive that these trusts will be consolidated under one management. This would fix the control of all commodities and the power to name the price of everything in common use

"Anybody who knows anything about the power of wealth knows that such a combine would be stronger than the government itself. The courts would be powerless to deal with it or its em ployes; and municipal assemblies, state legislatures and even the congress of the United States would be subject to its blighting influences.

"With such a consolidation in effect the individuality of the people would be gone. We would pass from a na-tion of producers to a nation of em-ployes, subject in all things to the dicployes, subject in all things to the dic-tation of the gigantic monopoly which would control all things. We would be left without hope of bettering our con-dition. One concern would employ all the labor and it naturally follows that it would fixe the price of that labor. If any man were to refuse to accept that price he would be left without em-ployment or the means of earning an honest livelihood. It would take away the hopes of the youth of the country. the hopes of the youth of the country, the bulwark of the nation, the strength upon which America has built itself up as a great power among the nations of the earth."

Colonel Wetmore admits that he has decided to embark in the manufacture of tobacco as a member of an inde-pendent corporation, of which he prob-ably will be president. This company will have sufficient capital to meet the trust on its own ground, and in addi-tion it has been promised the support of the labor unions, the tobacco grow-ers, the leaf tobacco dealers, the retail grocers and warehousemen all over the country. This already has been pledg-ed.

TO BUILD A NEW FACTORY.

Associated with Colonel Wetmore in the enterprise are Festus J. Wade, probably the most prominent real estate dealer in this city. Adrian de Yong, one of the leading men with the Drummond Tobacco company, who will resign his position because of the merging of the Drummond company into the Continental Tobacco campany; R. M. Scruggs, the millionaire dry goods man man of this city; Peter Hauptmann, the millionaire tobacconist and cigar manufacturer of this city, and George McCann of Springfield, Mo.

In addition to these, it is said a num-

In addition to these, it is said a number of capitalists now associated with the trust in connection with its Drum-mond, Liggett & Myers, Butler, Catlin. and Brown branches in this city, will leave the combine to enter into the new enterprise. Most of these men are known to have opposed the encroach-ments of the trust, but continued their ments of the trust, but continued their connection with the plants with which they were associated because they had been sold out and were powerless to help themselves until the independent company was lauched by Colonel Wet-more.

Aiready there is some talk here of the new corporation purchasing the old Lig-gett & Myers plant in this city, which is in the hands of the Rutledge & Kilpat-In the hands of the Rutledge & Kilpatrick Real Estate company for sale. Under the articles of incorporation of the Liggett & Myers company it is not permitted to own real estate, except for actual factory or warehouse purposes, and ever since the company removed to the new plant in the southwestern part of the city the old factory and warehouses, consisting of four valuable piece of real estable, have been in the market.

No definite plans have been matured by the new company, however, and it cannot be stated that this property will be purchased. If it is, the latest improved machinery will be put in, and its capacity will be made equal to the big Liggett & Myers plant, the largest is the world. If it is not sufficient, ground will be bought and a new plant erected thereon. Wetmore may again rise to fight his enemies commercially as well as politically.

HOLDING OUT HOPE.

Yes, the slender girl with the pale

A CALFIORNIA GIRL.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Roydon, dear, I have an invitation for you," said Lady Garth, as she came down stairs on the third morning after the baronet's proposal to his cousin. and found him strolling aimlessly round the garden with his hands in his pockets, his face full of dejection.

"Mother mine," he said, without in terest. I do not want to go anywhere. "But you must think of your health, Roydon," said his mother, with a sigh, "I am sure you will not get strong again again while you stay here meeting Evangeline every day!"

"How can Evie prevent it, mother?" Roy asked, with a look of surprise.

Lady Garth shook her head. "It is very brave of you, my dear Roydon, to make light of your disappointment, and very considerate towards your cousin, who would be much disturbed, I am sure, if she knew how deeply you feel her rejection. But if Evangeline is deceived. I am not; and since she seems quite determined upon this mad marriage with a pauper-"Mother!" Roy cried warningly, and

her ladyship waved her hand. "Well, with Mr. Damian, then. I am sure that it must be very hard for you to be constantly meeting her and thinking of your disappointment! I am surprised that Evangeline herself has not seen the advisability of going away for a little while. She had an invitation to go to Switzerland with the Ponsonbys. Since she has chosen to remain in the house, I have secured an invitation for you to spend a few weeks at Westwood. Lady Bettaby says that she will soon nurse you back to health, with society. I told her, of course, of your hands. Illness, but not of the cause. I am afraid she would think badly of Evangeline if I did."

With her usual readiness to believe only what she wished, her lady ship had chosen to ignore the share that Lilac had had in causing the illness and in some ingenious manner managed to ascribe it all to Evangeline's unkindness and infatuation for the penniless Eric Damian.

"Lady Betaby expects you tomor ow," she went on. "She has enclosed you, Roydon, dear? You will start to- posed. morrow?

"Very well, mother, if you wish it. indifferent to give much consideration to the question. One place was as good as another, since in none could he see Lilac, and he was quite willing to let his mother arrange what he should do. "You might wire Lady Bettaby,then,"

sald Lady Garth, with a sigh of relief at his ready acquiescence; for she was anxious about his health and hoped that among the young and pretty women that were generally to be met with at Westwood Roy might find it easier that you will arrive by the noon train, It is a very good one, and you will not need to leave here until nine."

The baronet wrote out the telegram obediently, and made his preparations in the mechanical way in which he ad done everything since his illi In the morning he came down to

breakfast ready dressed for his journey, and found Evangeline waiting to pour out his coffee for him. As usual, Lady Garth was breakfasting in her she expected, however, and she stared

"Well, Evie, have you had an answer yet to your telegram?" he said, after they had exchanged their customary cousinly morning kiss. "I am afraid it will take some time because of the journey from Blinkville." His cousin's love story was the only subject in which he showed any interest and he had tried to relieve her anxiety in the same way each morning since her message had been dispatched.

On this morning the encouragement was not needed. "The answer has just come," said

Evangeline. "Indeed ! I did not hear the telegraph boy. Well, Evie?"

"He is coming." "I am glad of that. I thought h would."

"Oh, Ray, I do wish that you were as happy as I am," said Evangeline, incinsequently; and then, as though the thought of his happiness had suggester the question, she asked, "You will spend all your time at Westwood, won't you? I mean-you will not go elsewhere with out letting us know?" Roy raised his eyebrows in surprise at the earnestness with which his cousin had asked the

"I have the post card ready written my pocket, if you would like to

Evangeline took it with a smile and read the mesasge, in which he informed his mother that he had arrived safely and that Lady Bettaby had met him at the station.

"You naughty boy!" she said, laugh ing. "How do you know that your news will be true?"

"Because her ladyship is such motherly soul, and my mother has been persuading her that I am a pit-

But the prophecy, though ressonable was not destined to be fulfilled. When Evangeline saw the post card again the next morning, the sentence had been crossed out, and in its place Bir Roy had written-

"The Emmotts are staying here, and labina drove down in the dogcart to meet me.'

CHAPTER XXVI.

In spite of her anxiety to find out what had really become of Lilac, it took byangeline more than a week to disever that the Californian girl was

Meanwhile she had said nothing of her suspicion to Roy, for fear of raising false hopes in his heart. She would see Lilac, she told herself, and ascerher own happiness in the mistaken idea that it would help Evangeline to gain hers; and then, if her suspicion proved true, as she felt that it must, she would send Roy to her, and the lovers would be happy once more.

Nine days after Lilac's unfortunate visit to the hall she was in her room burning the few letters that she had received from Roy, when Mrs. Mowbray tapped at the door.

"A lady has called to see you, dear. She is waiting downstairs."

"A lady to see me?" echoed the girl, rather listlessly. "Not Miss Emmott, surely?"

"No. dear. She gives her name as 'Miss Garth,' so I suppose that she is Sir Roydon's cousin."

Lilac flushed and rose at once "I do not think it can be. Evangeline would not come to see me.

She moved to the door as she spoke when Mrs. Mowbray laid her hand upon her arm, saying pleadingly:

"Lilac, dear, if she has come to tell you that anything has altered or has not been quite as you thought, you will not let it ruin Mark's happiness now, will you dear? Perhaps it is selfish for me to ask it, but it would break my poor boy's heart, I am sure, if any

change came now." "You need not be afraid, dear Mrs. Mowbray," said Lilac hopelessly-nothing can happen to make a change now;" and she walked slowly downstairs wondering what could possibly have selves farther on. The most wonderful brought Evangeline to see her.

She found the heiress waiting for her in the drawing room, and Evangethe aid of the moor air and cheerful line rose instantly with outstretched

"Why, Lilac, how thin and pale you have grown!" she said, and bent forward to kiss her.

Lilac was trying hard not to cry. It would not do to let her know how hard the sacrifice had been. She wished the heiress had been cold and scornful, as on the day when she left Delverton Hall with the avowed intention of marrying Mowbray. Her kinder mood made it much harder for Lilac to prevent herself from giving away to tears. But she resisted the temptation a note for you. You will go, won't and remained outwardly calm and com-

"I am quite well." she said, with a hopelessness in her tone that brought The young baronet was too passively tears into Evangeline's sympathetic eyes. "It is very good of you to come and see me. It was hard to think that I had made you my enemy when I was so fond of you, Evangeline, and you had been so kind to me." "We will not talk about that wretch-

ed scene," said Evangeline, "I thought I had good cause to be indignant with you and so think badly of you, and I have just begun to perceive that I may have made a very serious mistake, and that I ought to have known you better to forget his disappointment. "Tell her than to believe that you would enjoy our hospitality and friendship when you were in love with somebody else all the time, and never meant to marry Roy. I ought to have known that you were incapable of such a thing; but you made it very hard for me to underin sackcloth and ashes as I feel inclined to do, I want to catechise you,

"Yes," said Lilac, meekly preparing herself for some sharp questioning. The interrogatories were harder than

in surprise when Evangeline asked her first quation. "Now, tell me, dear-which do you care for most, this Mr. Mowbray or

Lilac started to her feet, her face flushed with Indignation.

"How dare you ask me a question like that?" she demanded; and Evangeline smiled cheerfully, for Lilac's indignation strengthened her belief in the theory that she had formed with respect to her flight from the hall.

Well, perhaps it is not quite fair to ask you that until I have given you something that will really interest you. my love story."

"I think I know what it is, Evangeline did not appear to, notice

Lilac, almost in a whisper. the interruption.

"You remember," she went on cheerfully, "on that night when you found me crying in my room, I told you there was somebody I cared for that I ought not to care for, because I had given my love unasked to somebody who did not care for me, and I would not tell you his name because I was so ashamed-you remember.

Lilac nodded.

"Well, I could not tell you the name then," Evangeline went on; "but I can now, because it was a mistake. He did care for me after all."

"I know," said Lilac simply, wondering that Evangeline could be so ties into a sink. There are several cruel as to come to her for sympathy other surface feeders to Lost River in her happiness, so blind as not to see that it had been gained at the cost of near them are found many caverns, in her own broken heart.

"I do not think that you do know," went on Evangeline, all her suspicions In some of these caves the streams have verified by the girl's attitude. "That a current and evidently are part of the is why I have come to tell you his Lost River system; in others the curname. It is Eric Damian."

With a troubled look Lilac passed her hand across her forehead.

"I do not understand you-I am afraid I am stupid." she said dreamily. "You say that you once cared for somebody called 'Eric Damian' " "I care for him still with my whole

heart," said Evangeline energetically, "and I am looking forward to be

-Roy!" Her voice faltered over

name "Indeed I have not! When he thought he had lost you, the foolish boy, simtain whether she had really sacrificed ply to make me happy, was absurd enough to ask me to accept him, and I discovered what a mistake you had made when he showed me your letter." "But you kissed him!" Lilac could

not believe her ears. "Yes-for bringing me news of Eric. How did you know?"

Lilac did not answer. She was murmuring, in strange dull tones that chilled Evangeline:

"And Lady Garth did not tell me-Lady Garth did not tell me!"

The heiress put her arms around her. "Don't Lilac-don't! It is not too late to set things straight. Roy is breaking his heart for you. If you love him----

Lilac interrupted her with sudden Serceness.

"It is too late! I have promised to marry Mark tomorrow, and I cannot go back from my word!"

(To be continued.)

IT IS A QUEER STREAM. Lost River a Puzzie to the People

of Indiana. Paloli, Ill.-(Special.)-Geological explorations and recent floods have brought to light many interesting facts concerning the "lost rivers" of Indiana and lead to the belief that hundreds of feet under the ground in this state great rivers are gushing toward the sea appearing at the surface here and there in Southern Indiana to again lose themof the surface indications are found in the southwestern portion of the state, especially in the vicinity of Orange county, where the famous Lost River is formed by a half dozen of the world's

most wonderful creeks and brooks. Lost River rises all of a sudden in Washington county. It rather gushes from the bank of a full-sized river, and after running a mile or so, as suddenly disappears from view. Near Orleans it suddenly sinks into a great cavernous hole. The passage is black and unfathomable, and even in the dryest seasons it never has been explored. A mile from the first sink a stream again breaks forth from the side of a bluff. and it has been established beyond all doubt that this is a continuation of the famous Lost River. After running thro' a natural bed for a distance of two miles it again disappears. Eight miles southwest it comes to the surface as abruptly to flow on for another mile or so, and then disappears in another sink. It gushes forth again from another bluff, and continues as a modest, unassuming, every-day stream to its junction with the White River a few miles distant.

But Lost River is simply the parent of numerous remarkable surface and subterraneon streams A year ago it was found that there was a subterranean stream running under Rush county, almost seventy-five miles northeast, It was discovered in a rather remarkable way. William Barlow was drilling a deep well at Moscow, in Orange township, a few feet from the banks of Flatrock creek. All at once the However, before I repent drill penetrated a cavern, and after it be heard. An investigation was made with a sounding line. At a depth of 100 feet the line was caught in a remarkably swift current, which carried the Since then the hole has been lighted, and it is found that the subterranean stream flows over a bed of the whitest rock, washed smooth and polished by the friction of the water passing over it for thousands of years. Scientists now believe that the stream is what is later Lost River. It evidently flows from the northeast for a great distance possibly rising in Ohio or in the St.

On the surface tributaries of Lost River, the most remarkable is known as Stamper creek, which gushes from the side of a bluff near Millersburg. It has a little news. I came here to tell you a wild current which carries everything with it to a sinkhole a mile distant. I know, after the interest you took in No one knows exactly where it comes out, but it is thought to make its appearance at Spring Mills, six miles north. Here Lick Creek bursts forth from the base of a hill just in the rear of the mill. Tests made by passing sawdust and wooden balls into the sink at Stamper creek tend to prove that it and Lick creek are the same stream. Further down it again disappears from the surface for a mile or two, and then comes to the surface and flows to New Prospect, where it empties into Lost

> Another of the interesting tributaries of Lost River is French Lick creek. which rises abruptly in Orange county and, after flowing northwest through French Lick and West Baden Springs resorts, also disappears several times, running underground a mile or more once or twice, to appear further noth and join Lost River just before it empwhich have the same peculiarity, and several of which are subterranean rivers filled with eyeless fish and animals. rents have a sluggish course and are plainly of an entirely different aubter-

"Papa," asked a 4-year-old youngster, "are all little boys made out of dust?" "Yes, my son," was the reply. "Well, then," continued the little fellow, "I wish you would make nurse stop using the whichbroom on me. I'm